

DEMOCRATIC BANNER.

HINER & MURRAY, Editors.

"If thou hast truth to utter, Speak! and leave the rest to God."—GALLAHER.

S. F. Murray, Proprietor.

Volume 1.

LOWLING-GREEN, PIKE COUNTY, MO., SATURDAY, OCT. 25, 1845.

Number 37.

THE BANNER.

THE BOOK AND THE SEVEN DAYS WONDER.

We have before alluded to the appearance of this mighty bumbo in the political world; we say alluded, for we could not find it in our heart to comment freely upon it; and the holy horror evinced by our Whig friends at what they conceived to be downright corruption, had subsided. That consummation devoutly to be wished is at hand. After McKensey failed in realizing the rich profits upon which he calculated—after the newspapers of the day had blown this insignificant concern to a huge bulk of moral and political corruption, the bubble is suffered to burst, and every thing is suffered to go on as usual. But this terrible book has developed to the world that astounding fact which every woman and child in the land knew, before William L. McKensey crossed the Canada line, (viz) that the Editor of the N. Y. Herald, Jas. G. Bennett, was a man devoid of principle, and it may have proven that Phelps and Allen, and a few more obscure politicians in New York, were corrupt. No man of common sense looks for any thing else; that a few among all parties are corrupt, is a fact so clearly demonstrated that no partisan, however heated he may be, will deny it. Against the two Van Buren's we see no evidence that could possibly convict them of any wrong. Our Journal friends tell us that they made politics a trade by which to win money—as to the morality of betting upon elections we are not called up to decide; all men must judge of that according to the dictates of their own consciences. Mr. Van Buren and his son wrote to Jesse Hoyt to take up bets for them upon the election—in any thing more he charged against them? One of the partners in the Journal office made bets during the last campaign, himself, not by an agent. Now we take it that there is not a "whit" difference between the man who authorizes another to bet for him and the man who bets for himself, and the "poisonous chalice is presented to their own lips." Betting upon elections is wrong beyond question, but we were not aware before that it was corrupt, for, to our own personal knowledge, some of the best men in our country, of both parties, have indulged in it; and for it they have never been censured, that we know of; but yet, in Van Buren and his son, it is enough to justify them in making this sweeping charge that they are gamblers in politics, making it a game for the purpose of winning money. We think this unfair. "Give the Devil his due" is an old adage by which our friends would profit by paying more attention to. We have no mercy for the base and corrupt, and we rejoice to see every blow which is given to those who are corrupt. But in this affair indignation has so far mastered discretion that the innocent have been confounded with the guilty. The blind Goddess of justice as she was represented by the ancients, has struck in the dark without knowing upon whom the blow would fall—simply because the letters of the Van Burens were found in the same bundle with Bennett's, &c.; they have been severely censured without cause or provocation, as we can conceive.

As to the manner in which McKensey came by these letters we shall say nothing; deeming it of no importance, so far as the letters prove fraud or corruption, whether they were obtained by fair or foul means."

A call session of the Illinois Legislature, it is said, will soon be held. For what purpose, we know not.

KEMPER COLLEGE—MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

In another column will be found a flattering notice of this Institution. It has ever been strange to us that young men who seek either general or professional educations should have such an eternal longing to hunt after colleges and schools beyond the boundary of our State; why not encourage and foster our own institutions? why seek to build up those which are foreign? There is no good cause for this.

In regard to the Medical Department of this college we can only speak from what we have heard—All who have had an opportunity of knowing, agree in according to the professors the highest character for standing and ability in their professions. Its location is certainly more advantageous than many of the medical Colleges eastward, to which so many of our young men flock.

REV. JACOB LANIUS.

We are pleased to see that the Methodist conference have stationed this influential divine upon this circuit. To those who have been permitted to hear this pious and plausible speaker, this appointment cannot fail to please. Mr. Lanius is by no means an educated man; but in combination within himself almost every requisite for the mission in which he labors. His mind naturally strong, and well balanced; his conceptions clear and his conclusion irrefutable—an intellectual giant, he hurls his arguments with all the force of the battering-ram against the strong holds of infidelity. As an anatomist he is unsurpassed, and as a surgeon equally equal. Ambitions of distinction, with a mind of indomitable strength and perseverance, and with the richest stores of knowledge, he has founded a school which already vies with the oldest institutions of our country. Professor McDowell unites strength and eloquence in his lectures, and is the very man to succeed in any laudable undertaking.

Next in the list we have Thomas Barbour, son of the distinguished Philip P. Barbour, of Virginia, and it is enough to say that he reflects honor on his illustrious father. The writer of this is intimately acquainted with Dr. Barbour; has heard him lecture repeatedly, and is of course well prepared to make a statement in regard to his merits. In beauty and clearness, strength and perspicuity of style, Dr. Barbour excels; his language is rich and chaste; his figures appropriate, forcible, and highly illustrative of the subject on hand; polished in manners; studious in habits, thoroughly read as a physician; he would adorn any society and be an honor to any institution.

The chair of Chemistry and Pharmacy is filled by one of the first naturalists of our country. Joseph F. Sowell is a gentleman and scholar in the fullest sense of these terms.—Having had the benefit of a course of lectures from him on Chemistry and Botany, I speak knowingly when I say that Dr. Sowell is not inferior to any gentleman in all this country in the department committed to him.

There were no more words. He rose deliberately, seized my hat, and only mepressibles, & walked down stairs.

Physicians say that no two excitements can exist at the same time in one system.

External circumstances drove away almost immediately,

the confusion of my brain.

I arose and looked out of the window. The snow was descending as I drummed on the pane. What was I to do? An unhappy wight, sans culottes, in a strange city—no money and slightly mahristed.

A thought struck me. I had a large full cloak, with my other appointments, save those he took, the landlord had spared. I dressed myself immediately,

drew on my boots over my fine white drawers, not unlike small clothes, put on my cravat, vest and coat, laid a travelling cap from my trunk justifying over my forehead, and flinging my fine mantle about me, made my way through the hall into the street.

Attracted by shining lamps the portion of a new hotel, a few squares from my first lodgings, I entered, recorded some name on the books and besoke a bed. Every thing was fresh and neat, and every servant attentive; all augured right.

I kept myself closely cloaked, put a cigar, and went to bed to mature my plot.

"Waiter, just brush my clothes well, my fine fellow," I said in the morning; "mind the pantaloons, don't spill any thing from the pockets, there's money in them both."

"I don't see no pantaloons."

"The deuce you don't. Where are they?"

"Can't tell, I snum, (his eyes as big as saucers, I don't know, as true as I am alive!"

"Go down, sirrah, and tell your master to come up here immediately." The publican was with me in a moment.

"Landlord!" I exclaimed, "I have been robbed in your house—robbed,

MARYLAND.

The following is the Congressional delegation from this State.

1st dist. John G. Chapman, W.
2d " Thos. Perry, L. F.
3d " T. W. Logan, do.
4th " W. F. Goss, do.
5th " A. Constable, do.
6th " Edward Long, W.

Being a loss of four whig members.

27 What has become of the Missouri? shall we be denied the pleasure of reading it, friend Tice, or not?

From the Alabama Democrat.
MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF
KEMPER COLLEGE.

Mr. Evans: Permit me to call the attention of Southern Medical Students to the Institution bearing that article. It is known to be located in St. Louis Mo., at this time the most prominent point in the west, and having a more direct communication with the young and flourishing Western States and Territories than

THE MAN WHO LOST HIS PANTS.

The following is a passage from the laughable tale of "Desperation," one of the rich articles which are embraced in the "Literary Romances of Willis Gaylord Clark." It is only necessary to premise that the writer is a Philadelphia student, who after a stolen fortnight among the gayeties of Washington city, finds himself (through the remissness of a client Baltimore, on his way home, without a penny in his pocket. He stops at a fashionable hotel, nevertheless, where, after tarrying a day or two, he finally at the head of a great dinner, omits solus in his private apartment, flanked with abundant Champagne and Burgundy, resolves to disclose all to the landlord. Summoning a servant, he says:

"Ask the landlord to step up to my room and bring his bill."

He clattered down stairs, giggling, and shortly after his master appeared. He entered with a generous smile, that made me hope for the best the house afforded, and that just then was created.

"How much do I owe you?" said I. He handed me the bill with all the grace of polite expectancy.

"Let me see—seventeen dollars.—How very reasonable! But, my dear sir, the most disagreeable part of the business is now to be told. I grieve to inform you that, at present, I am out of money; but I know by your philanthropic looks that you will be satisfied when I tell you that if I had it, I would give it to you with unquestionable pleasure. But you see my not having the change by me is the reason I don't do it, and I am sure you will let the matter stand & say no more about it. I am a stranger to you, that is a fact; but in the place where I came from, all my acquaintances know me easy as can be."

The landlord turned all colors. "Where do you live any how?"

"In Washington, I should have said in Philadelphia."

His eyes flashed with angry disapprobation.

"I see how it is, Mister; my opinion is that you are a blackleg, you don't know where your home is. You begin with Washington, and then drop in for Philadelphia. You must pay your bill."

"But I can't."

"Then I'll take your clothes; If I don't blow me tight."

"Scoundrel!" said I, rising bolt upright, "if you dare, and leave the rest to me!"

There were no more words. He rose deliberately, seized my hat, and only mepressibles, & walked down stairs.

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sir, robbed! My pantaloons and a purse, containing three \$50 notes, are gone! This is a pretty talk! Is this the way you fulfil the injunctions of scripture? I am a stranger, and I will myself take up with vengeance."

Why does the South linger in the rear of many of her sister States in the present rapid march of intelligence and science, and consequent pro prosperity?

If it not because we have refused to adopt an efficient general system of education, sustained by the taxing power, and carrying its benefits to every child within our borders? Doubtless this is the cause. Let the people arouse themselves to the importance of this subject—let parents and all patriotic citizens reflect, that upon the virtue and intelligence of each succeeding generation depends the permanence of Republican institutions, and its attendant blessings, individual liberty, security and independence.

A Deceased Wife.—Our friend Well of the Saturday Post, thus elegantly and touchingly alludes to the recent decease of Mrs. Weld.

"Pardon us, then, if there be any shortcoming or palpable error in our labors. Think of the head weary with long watching—the heart sick with loneliness—the right hand weak in the absence of the support which received from the dearest of friends and counsellors from the earliest manhood. Think of the vacant chair, to the occupant of which now in the silent grave—the writer led away was seen in the pleasant habit of solving his dilemmas for solution—his difficulties for enlightenment—his course for approval; & in nearly twenty years, it is honest tribute to say, that he never did wrong when he followed her counsels; while her exertions when he was obstinate, and tears when he persisted in contumacy, have often checked him in folly or won him from ill-advised purposes."

She is in Heaven. The sunlight which had so long shone upon our path, is willed but for a season, to shine—and we trust upon us—in the glory of the Redeemer, when earthly sorrows shall seem but as the inconveniences of a brief journey, happily terminated in the heaven of rest. Her whole memory is delightful, though the deprivation of her presence, and the loss to her children be a terrible calamity; and the hope of everlasting life, which found utterance in the last syllables which she articulated, consoles her friends, as in their thanksgivings to Him who gave and who has taken away, they bless Him for those who have departed this life in His faith and fear."

Happy is the man who has not the disease—who shrank not with the ague—who grippt not with the cholera—who can brush his own boots & shave himself with cold water, and who is never disturbed with the delirium tremens."

Happy is the man who hath no horse to lead, and who is never troubled with the night mare.

All these are happy, but happier far is he who has arrived at a good old age, and when he hath down at night, can exclaim, I have always paid the piper, and am at a peace with my God.

Happy is the man who has the health, competence and contentment.

Happy is the man who feareth not the Sheriff—who turneth not aside for the estable, and who hath complied with the injunction of the Apostle—Wee no man any thing.

The recent Whig Convention of Massachusetts units its address to the people of that State, contends that the present Whig party is the same conservative party which has existed from the foundation of our federal Government. This is what the Democrats have always declared, but what western Whigs have generally denied.

Juvenility.—The editor of a Vermont paper has been much amused at what he terms the juvenility of a little boy of his acquaintance. He was about going to bed, and was kneeling at his mother's feet, with his hands clasped between hers, as she recited to him the Lord's prayer, which he repeated after her—"Our Father which art in heaven"—"Our Father which art in heaven"—"Hallowed be thy name"—"Give us this day our daily bread"—"Give us this day our daily bread—"

"Ol' massa, let's ask for cake!"